



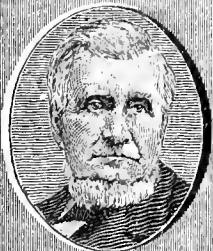
HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

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VOL. XXX.

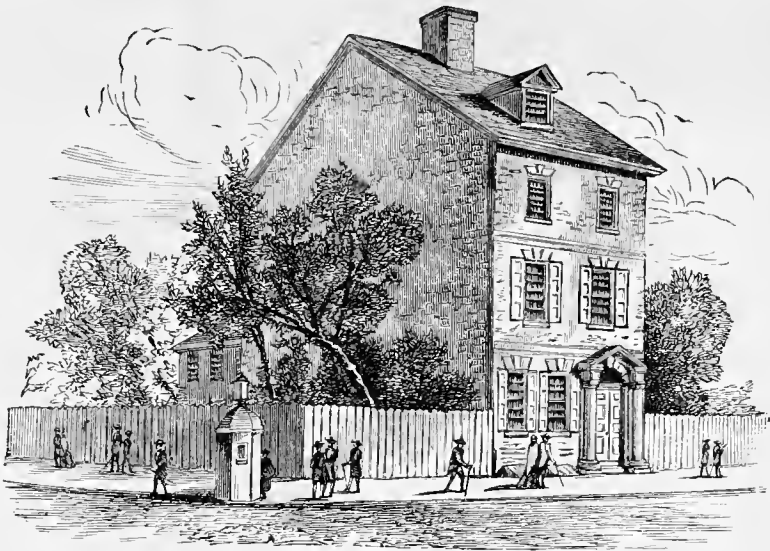
SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1895.

No. 12.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

AMERICAN boys who are interested in the story of the great revolutionary struggle of more than a hundred years ago, will need few hints from us as to the personality of Benjamin Franklin, or as to the great part he played in the colonies' contest for independence. Yet a brief

The 17th of January, 1706, and the city of Boston, witnessed the birth of the future philosopher. Nine children had already come to bless the home of his parents, who though fairly prosperous people were by no means wealthy. They were sturdy, healthy folks, however, morally and physically, and young Ben-



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE.

sketch of his eventful life may not improperly be again given in these columns. For like all heroic characters, there are new aspects in which succeeding readers come to view him, and in each of them there is an ever present something which one cannot but admire.

jamin inherited these attributes in a marked degree. He says he cannot remember when he learned to read, but he had no trouble in remembering when he learned to work, for at ten years of age, after two years of school, he was taken to help his father boil soap, and two years later went as an apprentice to

his older brother in the printing business. He became a good printer and gave early evidence of that simple but vigorous style of writing with which his name is still associated; but he felt that his brother was not treating him well, so he decided to run away, and make his fortune elsewhere. In order to raise means with which to make his proposed journey he sold some of his books, and we see him next in Philadelphia, a runaway apprentice of seventeen, walking up Market Street munching the rolls of bread which he had purchased out of his last scanty store of pennies, and being laughed at by a Miss Read whom he afterwards married. He made his way rapidly in his profession, and still more rapidly as an acknowledged writer of plain, forceful English, and a thinker of depth and earnestness. A visit to England on a business errand that proved disappointing compelled him again to sue for employment at his trade, at which he worked industriously though not without finding time for the abundant exercise of his intellectual faculties. Returning to Philadelphia he bought out a newspaper plant and it became at once prosperous. His career as an author and publisher began now in real earnest, and "Poor Richard's Almanacs," which continued for twenty-five years, was one of his ventures at this time which of itself would have made him famous. He soon became recognized as one of the leading men of the colony of Pennsylvania, and made other visits to England, where his philosophical and scientific attainments won for him much notice. But the inevitable conflict of the colonies with the mother country was drawing near, and his sympathies and energies were destined to a still broader field for their exercise. His

testimony on colonial affairs before a committee of parliament resulted in the repeal of the odious stamp act, but the triumph was short-lived; and at the end of a prolonged stay in England he returned home, and before he knew it had been transformed from a peace-maker into a war-maker.

His labors in the colonial congresses, in the field of the pamphleteer (wherein his ability was of the first order) and in foreign diplomacy, need hardly be recounted here. They are familiar parts of the history of those stirring days, and it is held that to his pen, scarcely less than to Washington's sword, was due the success of the struggle for independence. As American representative in France he made his country's name beloved, and his own admired beyond all measure. Indeed, the annals of diplomacy furnish no parallel to his successes at the French court and with that impulsive people. Prior to this, however, he had received distinguished marks of esteem and confidence from his own countrymen in elections to various positions of trust and honor in the new republic. He did not come home from France until far advanced in years, the date of his disembarking at Philadelphia being exactly sixty-two years after his arrival in that city as a homeless apprentice. He was immediately voted a public address, was waited upon by the city and national public bodies, and was even then reluctantly allowed to wind up his busy life in quietness. Death came at last in the eighty-fifth year of his age (1790) at his own house in Philadelphia, a picture of which accompanies this sketch. During the one hundred and five years that have elapsed since, his fame has gone on increasing, and his name is perpetuated in almost every State in the Union he did so

much to form, besides being still more affectionately enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen.

THE ELK MOUNTAIN MISSION.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 310.)

DURING the talk with the Indians on that last morning, they said that they had lost four men killed, and three wounded in the fight, and they had killed but three men, and they were mad. Charley was mad and had gone for more men and thought they could eventually kill all in the fort.

When the fleeing brethren reached the west side of Green River it was agreed that three men, Allen Huntington, William W. Starret and R. W. James should go by the way of Price River and Spanish Fork River to Springville where they probably would arrive as soon as the balance of the company would reach Manti and carry the news of the sad fate of the mission. So President Billings, John McEwan, Peter Stubbs, S. B. Cutler, Steven Moore, John Clark, Ephraim Wight, William Hamblin and Clinton Williams, went by Huntington Creek and took the trail over the mountains for Manti. After passing Huntington Creek the President's pack animal was taken sick. He took Brother Stubbs' horse under protest and put the pack on it, and that horse gave out about an hour and a half afterwards, while Brother Stubbs was driving it far behind the company. The pack was secured but the horse was left. Brother Stubbs overtook the company that night four miles farther on, towards home and stayed with them. In the morning Brother Stubbs would go back for his horse and the company would go on homeward.

A little farther on Brother John Mc-

Ewan was left, as he had a horse and two colts which he wanted to save, but could not flee as fast as the balance. This was in the tops of the mountains with only a dull trail to follow where but one or two men knew the country.

By the guidance of an unseen hand Brother Stubbs made his way out of the mountains into the valley and finally reached Manti.

Not so with McEwan—he was lost four days with nothing to eat and wandered back into Castle Valley near Huntington Creek where he found himself in the trail they had been in at a point that he recognized, and that was rather unusual too, for a man lost, is liable to not recognize his own house.

Brother McEwan started again towards the settlements in Sanpete Valley. During the four days he was lost he suffered intensely with hunger and thirst, and cold at night, being without fire or bedding.

At Manti the inhabitants were all astir over the matter and after the first night that the lost man failed to appear they sent out a searching party that was gone one night and returned having found nothing but their own way home. Another searching party with some friendly Indians to lead, was sent out and were gone two nights and returned with the lost man and his three animals, having found him near where he was left by the company, as near dead as alive. I am informed that he never fully recovered from the effects of his four days' mental and physical sufferings.

It will be remembered that I returned to Manti with the White Mountain missionaries under their leader David Evans, and there I remained until John McEwan was found; then with others returned homewards as far as Springville, where I found my family, consisting of

wife and child, visiting at my brother William's. I remained there some days to recuperate. We immediately learned that nothing had been heard of the three men sent from Price River, then called White River, on the 25th of September direct to Springville, that they might perhaps meet any men returning to our Mission, and save them from falling into an Indian "death trap," which would surely be set.

I secured two friendly Indians who would go back into the mountains and hunt for the lost men on condition they could be furnished horses and provisions. I tried individuals for horses but failed; then went to the Bishop and failed. I then sent word to President Brigham Young of the condition of affairs generally, and of the three lost men in particular.

The President returned word to the Bishop of Springville to furnish horses and provisions for the two Indians to hunt for the lost men, immediately; and it was done; but the searching party never found them—they found themselves in Provo Canyon, about the 20th of October, after a remarkable and unwilling exploration of twenty-four days, in which they suffered for food. They had but a very scanty allowance at first, and as neither of them knew anything of the country, they were soon lost, and cloudy weather kept them lost. When their first stock of provisions was gone they lived on wild rose buds and other native products—shot one duck which was all the game they could kill.

They had a little dog with them as a partner in suffering and after they had fasted long enough they took the dog into nearer relations by ending his sufferings to appease theirs, and ate him, hide and all.

After another fast they tore the raw-

hide from their saddle-trees and moccasin soles, cooked and ate it.

After another long fast they killed one of their horses and had a delicious feast to the full, then loaded another horse with the best of the meat without bone.

A day or two after that they came on to some wood choppers in Provo Canyon and from them they learned where they were. That same day they were entertained right royally by the people of Provo, who both fed and clothed by them.

Thus ended the travels, anxieties, cares and strifes of that unfortunate and misguided mission.

Elk Mountain Valley, as we called it, after the name of the mountain and mission, was as lovely a little valley as any we had ever seen, and where some of us fondly hoped to make our permanent abiding place.

President Young much regretted the loss of the mission and the misfortunes of the brethren. In commenting upon the treachery of the Indians there, he remarked with a placid resignation to Providence, "They are the literal descendants of the old Gadianton robbers, and when we settle that country again they will want us to come." That prediction was as literally fulfilled as any that was ever uttered by man.

No tribe or band of Indians, in my range of observation, ever wasted faster or disappeared more like due before the sun than did they.

Within five years after our expulsion there were few of that band to be found, and whenever one was met by white man, he hardly failed to express a wish that we would come back and live in their country.

A short time before the fight and surrender of the fort, Stephen Moore was sick and nigh unto death with fever.

The brethren made one united effort in his behalf and gathered around to administer to him; which they did by each man in turn praying while their hands were upon him. He commenced to mend instantly, and by the time they had to leave the fort he was able to ride on horseback.

ADDENDA.

When S. B. Cutler ran to the fort and announced that Hunt had been shot, the men all rushed out at once, leaving only the sick man Moore in the fort.

They had nearly reached the wounded man when the Indians on horseback were seen advancing, which event reminded them of the safety of the fort. Some went back, but when the fight was fairly on, the odds were so great that John Clark seized his gun and went out to defend his slowly retreating comrades.

A rather singular incident transpired with Levi G. Metcalf, (commonly called Greg Metcalf). When we first made our camp on the east bank of Grand River in the cottonwood grove, a Colts revolver was found in the grass and I believe that the finder was Levi G. Metcalf. Some years after our expulsion from the valley, he went to the Navajos on a trading expedition and on his return was killed by the Indians in that same grove.

The morning before our fort was vacated Charley, the son of St. John asked Brother John Clark to go down to the river alone and baptize him; but Brother Clark felt that there was something wrong about the Indian and refused. He was turned out of the fort but an hour or two after that, for actions indicating mischief.

In writing the forgoing sketch of the mission. I have endeavored to give a true outline of the general history with-

out favor or frown for individuals, and am satisfied that in doing this I have added a mere speck to the general history of Utah, which cannot be fully written except by the recording angels.

The foregoing events transpired forty years ago this coming summer, which is a long time to remember events accurately. The history of this mission was never given the public before and from my own private journal and letters to my wife from Elk Mountain, I have gathered most of the information in this historical sketch.

Next in recourse of importance was the private journal of John McEwan which I had access to through the most unstinted kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Orson Wilkins, of Provo, who owns the journal; which, as a relic of a father, must be of great worth.

Next in importance was the memory of Brother Peter Stubbs, who was cook for the first mess at the mission. Then John Clark, John Lowery and others assisted.

After the whole was compiled Bros. Clark and Stubbs sat with me about half a day as a revising and correcting committee. When we were done the work was pronounced correct.

They that read in the future this account of events of past years, will perhaps have no knowledge of the locality of Elk Mountains or valley, because the names have been changed. The valley is now called "Grand Valley" and the mountains which have borne the name of Elk Mountains for ages, is now called La Salle.

Changing the names of mountains, valleys, rivers, cities and streets in cities by those who follow after first discoverers, is a species of vandalism, and exhibits an unwillingness to respect the

rights and labors of others. It is both unnecessary and unjustifiable, except in very rare instances.

O. B. Huntington.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

IT is not with any degree of pride, but with a feeling of much gratitude to God, our Heavenly Father, that I will here relate some of my experiences in the missionary fields of labor in which the Lord, through His servants, has placed me at various times. I also desire to add my testimony to the many others that have been given by Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with the hope that this may instil in the minds of young men who may be called to take missions abroad to put their trust in God under all circumstances.

I embraced the Gospel in September, 1850, in the city of Copenhagen, Denmark. When the brethren laid their hands upon my head and confirmed me a member of the Church, the spirit of prophecy rested upon the brother who was mouth, and he said that I should in due time become a missionary, and be an instrument in the hands of the Lord to bring many souls into His Kingdom. Apostle Erastus Snow and Elder P. O. Hansen, of Manti, were administrators, but I am not sure which one pronounced the blessing. In those early days it was an astonishing declaration, as it was generally considered necessary for a priest—and we knew no other ecclesiastical office for missionaries—should be educated especially for such a calling. I was then only eighteen years of age, and rather inclined to pleasure; therefore, to become a missionary would naturally have been as far from my aspirations as

to be crowned king of my native country.

My conversion to the new faith had also been so recent and sudden that I can yet only account for it in one way, and that is, as the Savior said to Nicodemus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I had only had about one hour's conversation with an Elder when I asked to be baptized; but I had indeed been born again, for everything was changed to my mind. The world and its inhabitants, the past and the future, the heaven and earth, and even God, appeared to my spiritual vision in quite another light than before—grand and glorious in design, purposes and relationship the one to the other. And now I received the Holy Ghost, by the laying on of hands of authorized servants of Jesus Christ. Did I receive it? My life in the missionary fields in Denmark and Norway bears witness that these men were inspired of God and had the authority to bestow that precious gift upon a penitent sinner after he had complied with the other requirements—faith, repentance and baptism in water for the remission of sins.

I was at this time bound to serve as an apprentice at my trade for several years more; but soon the spirit began to burn within me, and an anxious desire arose that I might be counted worthy to be of use in this glorious work of God. But I was bound to serve my time out, yet this did not prevent me from being ordained a deacon, and thus serve in the branch in which I lived to the best of my ability. God blessed me. The gift of poesy developed in me, and many are the hymns sung by the Saints in Scandinavia and here in Zion as the results of God's gracious recognition of

a youthful servant in those early days, for I had never before thought of such a thing as writing poetry, and least of all hymns. I had indeed become an inspired servant of God, yet holding only the smallest office in the Priesthood, an office that now many of our small boys hold here in Zion. I was frequently called upon to pray for the sick in connection with other brethren, and sometimes alone; and the Lord acknowledged our petitions, for the sick were healed.

At last my stipulated term of apprenticeship expired, and I was immediately ordained to the office of priest and set apart for a mission in another part of Denmark, to labor with Elder K. H. Brown, who now lives in Nephi, Utah.

We started on foot with little or no money, I trusting in God and also a good deal in the faith and experience of my companion, who had been in active service for two years. My first experience as a traveling missionary was rather trying to my feet; but when we arrived at our field of labor, and began to have meetings with the people in their homes in the farming districts, and found them willing to receive our testimony and hospitably entertaining us, I felt much joy in my new occupation. But when we began to gather in the harvest, and I administered the ordinance of baptism to seven persons, I felt as though I had received a greater commission than the king on his throne, for did I not then, as a servant of God, open the door for these people to the kingdom of heaven?

In the course of three days thirty persons were baptized in that neighbourhood, and a flourishing branch was organized, over which I was set to preside until some of the new members could be used. This was in the month

of March, 1853. The ice was yet very thick, wherefore we had much labor to prepare a place for baptism. Most of these people have since gathered to Zion, and have proved faithful and upright Saints in the communities where they have located. I will here add, for the benefit of young brethren, that my extreme youth at that time was much in my favor, as the older people were somewhat astonished at seeing one of my age venturing on such an errand, and not even showing signs of fear at meeting of opposition from their educated priest or parson and school teacher, as we sometimes had to sustain Bible doctrines against their traditional creeds.

After about six months' labor in that field, I returned to Copenhagen to attend conference, and was then allowed a short time to remain and work at my trade, so as to get my wardrobe replenished, as it had fared somewhat badly under so much exposure to sunshine, rain, mud and dust.

At the October Conference in Copenhagen that year (1853), John Van Cott, having meanwhile taken charge of the Scandinavian mission, I was called to take a mission to Norway, and was ordained to the office of an Elder. Three other brethren were also called to that mission, but they all begged to be excused or excused themselves—I don't know which. I made myself ready as quickly as possible. One reason for these brethren failing to go was, no doubt, the fact that in Norway some brethren had previously been arrested and confined in prison for several months, and the same treatment awaited anyone else who would preach and administer the unpopular religion of the Latter-day Saints. Besides, these brethren had all performed good missions

for several years, and were now desirous of emigrating to Zion. I had also made arrangements for my emigration, but was too much interested in promulgating the principles of the Gospel to refuse the call, and, strange as it is to me now, the thought of the prisons never occurred to my mind. The president had said to me on one occasion: "Brother Christensen will go to Norway, and, after serving the Lord seven years, he will get a wife, like Jacob of old." I remonstrated against the long term of seven years, but he said "We will count in the time you have already served," and that reduced it about half. How thankful I feel to this day that I accepted that mission, for it has perhaps proved the most important event in my whole life, except the embracing of the Gospel itself.

C. C. A. Christensen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

OUR FAVORED HOME.

EVERY year's experience with the climate and conditions of our mountain home ought to increase our gratitude for the privilege of inhabiting so choice a region. Every year its advantages over other sections are made more apparent. Of course there are localities where in some single particular ours may be outdone. Take for instance the matter of rain, of which, according to many people's views, we do not get enough. But in the sections where the people may regularly count upon getting rain enough, what guarantee have they that they may not get too much, which for agricultural operations is quite as bad if not worse than the other? And if they escape the surfeit, and should by any misfortune have a

season of drouth, what opportunities or experience have they for eking out their scarcity by artificial means, such as we have?

So also in the matter of heat and cold. There are places where the range of the thermometer is not so high in summer or so low in winter as with us in the tops of the mountains. But the air of such places may be heavy, charged with vapor if not malaria, and there may be an unhappy tendency to tornadoes. If a more temperate clime be sought to take the place of our rigorous winters, it will almost invariably be found that its other seasons are far more objectionable than our one. So also if the desire be to escape the dryness and heat of our summer; we may find elsewhere a more gentle warmth in July and August than usually falls to our lot at home, but rarely do the conditions at other times of the year equal those we leave behind. Thus it happens that, taking one season with another and one year or even decade with its companion years or decades, the boy and girl or man and woman who have lived in these mountain-walled treasure-houses of health and plenty will fare badly in any attempt to change their lot for the better in any other part of the globe.

Readers of the newspapers during the last few weeks must have had quite a lesson on these points. The dispatches from some sections have reported the most intense heat, with an unusual number of prostrations, and so extreme in its effects as to interfere with and almost suspend business; this, too, before the real season of summer has begun. Dispatches from other sections report "cold waves" of great severity, with snow and frost working

havoc with all kinds of vegetable growth: this, too, after the real season of winter is long since passed. In some places there have been hot, parching winds, cutting down the growing crops as with the red tongue of fire. In others there have been destructive downpours of rain, fierce electric storms and cyclonic disturbances of great fury. And all this time the inhabitants of these valleys have been rejoicing in an ideal season of spring, with abundant rains to moisten the teeming earth and warm sunshine to make the face of nature and the heart of man glad.

It is remarkable, too, how completely the popular view has changed with reference to the comparative benefits and difficulties of irrigation. It used to be fashionable to pity us for having to endure the toil and expense of raising our breadstuff by that system. Now we are almost envied the privilege; for men notice that crops are larger, better and surer where the farmer can give them water when they require it and as much of it as they need, than where the water comes from the clouds regardless of the needs and requirements of the soil upon which it falls. Regions formerly referred to pityingly as "arid" have suddenly become desirable if there be the least opportunity of getting a canal or ditch to them; and land that a quarter of a century since was hardly thought good enough for rattlesnakes is now glowingly advertised and "boomed" as the future granary of the nation.

There is an old saying that "nothing succeeds like success," and it may be well applied to our inter-mountain country and its marvelous development. Surely nothing could have offered a less inviting prospect than Salt Lake Valley forty-eight years ago when the Pioneers gazed upon it. If prospective difficul-

ties could have appalled them, they would have either stopped far short of this spot, or have gone on far beyond it. A desert it had been called, and a desert it was. The transformation is not the result of accident, either. President Young and his companions were left in no doubt as to the place they should select for a home—when their eyes rested upon the glistening waters of the Great Salt Lake they knew that their weary search was over. That hard work was going to be necessary in order to accomplish the redemption of such a land, they fully knew; but they had the strength and the willingness, and above all they had the inspiration and blessing of the Almighty. The result of these conditions are before our eyes and those of the whole world. The waste places have become a garden, and that which was desolate has been made desirable above all other places in the world.

The Editor.

THE NEW COOK.

CHAPTER V.

AND Milton was in love, desperately so. He came into the kitchen next morning determined to declare his passion. He felt that it was rather a hopeless case. He looked pale and desperate. His mouth was compressed with an unnatural firmness. His doleful glances at Rachel would have melted a heart of stone. But Rachel had not a heart of stone; she had only a perverse woman's heart; and such a heart is far less vulnerable than one in the rocky condition so often figuratively referred to as being the acme of hardness.

Rachel stood at the sink with a calm exterior and an agitated soul. Her

eyes beamed with a happiness which she felt very loth to display.

"Good morning, Rachel."

Rachel started. She had nerved her soul to the trying ordeal, yet she started at the first word, and that only an ordinary salutation. Come, come, weak heart, this will never do!

"Good morning," she answered, with eyes still averted. He waited for five minutes, determined that Rachel should look up, but Rachel persisted in moulding the fish-balls and seeing nothing else. Poor comfort this for a hungry soul like Milton's!

As the silence became more ominous and Milton continued gazing, Rachel could feel his eyes and she became more uneasy. A blush slowly crept up the cheek turned toward Milton. The blush grew more extensive and vivid, and Milton smiled. For he looked upon this as an encouraging sign. Feeling somewhat disencumbered of determination and despair, he put into operation his scheme to make Rachel look at him.

"Is this your property, Rachel?"

It was a delicate turquoise ring of Rachel's which had disappeared most mysteriously about a week ago. Now Rachel had to look, and straight into Milton's eyes, too, for he, comical fellow, had one eye screwed shut and was pensively gazing through the ring with the other. He saw enough light in Rachel's orbs to convince him that it might not be such a hopeless case, after all. They say love is blind; Milton concluded that it was very keen-sighted.

"Yes," Rachel answered. Upon which Milton approached, and deftly seizing the hand of the astonished damsel, he quietly slipped the ring on to a certain interesting finger. Then, before Rachel

realized what was happening, he clasped her and fervently kissed her. For one instant she was fairly benumbed with surprise; then she became indignant. At first she had turned pale, but now the angry color surged over her face and neck. Turning toward him, she glared like a lioness at bay. She did not say anything, but her looks spoke more pointedly than any words could.

Milton returned to the table subdued and dampened. Strange that such fiery looks should dampen a fervent youth! When they had eaten in silence for some time, Milton said, very contritely,

"Will you please forgive me, Rachel?"

Rachel looked as though she did not know whether she would or not. She considered it a capital offense, which should receive a capital punishment. So she weighed well her answer before in reluctant terms she gave an unwilling consent to forgiveness.

"Well, then, let us kiss and make up," Milton said, roguishness once more asserting itself.

Rachel tried to look severe, but she could not help laughing as she added,

"Mr. Kingley, you are too flippant!"

Rachel, being tinged with pessimism, looked upon life darkly and seriously. Slight offenses to her appeared simply heinous. She had high ideals and high expectations. An offense far milder than the one just committed would generally make her thoroughly dislike a poor, unwary offender. Her girl friends knew to their cost that Rachel was not a maiden to be trifled with. Somehow or other she did not feel at enmity with Milton, though he had flagrantly violated her rigid code of manners. But of course she must maintain a proper frown of reproof, and still show Milton in unmistakable terms

that she was scandalized over his "freshness." She called it freshness, and yet she knew it was not that. It was fervency! It was impetuosity! It was—(how dare she utter it to herself, even?)—it was love?! Her heart thumped happily. But here! this would never do! "Remember, Miss, you are not to fall in love with me. This is one of our most imperative rules!" Again the sentences sounded in her ears and reminded her once more of the indignant determination she had made on the day of her arrival. Then she would become effectually cooled. Then her tell-tale eyes would encounter his ardent ones, causing her heart to suddenly enlarge with the love which was beating there so perseveringly against its iron bars. "Do you hear, Miss? You must not fall in love with me—me—me!" Why would that sentence keep sounding so warningly in her ears? She knew that her time had come. She thought over the whole sham battle which had been enacted on that first day, and determined, as a last desperate resource, to throw his words in his own face when the fatal question arrived.

"Rachel, will you—that is—er—er—will—will you——? he was saying, as Rachel waited in agony, when Mrs. Kingley entered—go with me to the theatre tonight?"

This sounded in disappointed accents from Milton's lips, instead of "be my wife?"

Had they been alone, Rachel would have refused. However, Milton's mother being present, Rachel felt constrained, rather than encounter the surprised, disappointed face of her benefactress, to answer in civil accents,

"Certainly, I shall be pleased to."

Mrs. Kingley said approvingly, "I'm

glad you young people have discovered that 'two is company.' I wondered why you have been so distant with each other."

While Milton looked as satisfied as though he had really said, "Will you be my wife?" and that Rachel had answered, "Certainly, I shall be pleased to."

And Milton really considered it that way.

CHAPTER VI.

So that night, when they went to "Love's Conquest" together (strange coincidence! that was the name of the play), Milton was fairly etherealized. He felt as though he could subdue the universe at a touch; that he lacked but an opportunity to soar into heroics and fame. Oh for a chance to save Rachel's life! to catch a murderer! to knock down a dozen thugs! or to signalize himself, with the power and magnetism now surging through him, in some way.

He was just emitting the preliminary "ahem," which Rachel realized was the preface to sentimentalism, when a mundane, manly voice disturbed the moonlight air.

"Hello, Kate, is that you?" A dagger-thrust of indignation cut through Milton's breast; but the shining blade had not time to get into the open air and salute the speaker's ear, as Milton intended it should, before a mundane, manly form grasped Rachel's hand, and a mundane, manly mouth saluted Rachel's mouth with a sounding smack, as that young lady said,

"O, Silas, you dear old fellow! I'm so glad to see you! So you decided to come to conference after all? How are the dear little cannibals in the Church school of — doing?"

"O, all right, all right, my pet. I

went to Mrs. Kingley's, and she said you were on your way to the theatre; so I overtook you, for I felt as though I must see you or die. Go on, go on, don't let me detain you any longer. One more smack, little one" (another sounding kiss), "and I'll call tomorrow and have a love-feast."

Milton's arm was loosening, loosening. To the intrusive young man he said, in hard, dry tones,

"I relinquish all claim. Evidently you have a prior ownership. If she is your betrothed, take her, and I wish you all joy of her!"

A horrid guffaw from Silas! Subdued merriment on Rachel's part, as she announces,

"Mr. Kingley, my brother, Silas."

Readers, you will have to imagine the feelings of each in the awkward pause which ensued. The air actually seemed to grow warmer with the blushing emanations from certain faces. "It's quite moony, tonight," Silas good-humoredly said, as he noticed a certain rosy glow which quite paled the silvery sheen.

"They are both cruel," thought Milton. "Brother and sister are alike in being that," while aloud he said,

"Mr. Glynn, aren't you going to the theatre tonight?"

"Guess not. Haven't a lady. Stupid going to theatre without a lady. I intended taking my sister, but you got ahead of me."

"Come anyway," Milton politely urged.

And Rachel so warmly seconded the request that, to Milton's infinite disappointment, Silas complied.

We can see Silas' face only by moonlight, but that will suffice to reflect an etching of Rachel's brother: At a superficial glance he was handsome. A

critical survey would belie the first opinion, though the observer felt added admiration; it was a face which everyone liked. Eyes which seemed to say, "Hello there! haven't I seen you before? Anyway, let's shake hands." A mouth of good fellowship, of which a smile turned the corners up. A heavy, deep-cut chin, which looked as though the mouth above it would be extremely fond of kissing. In fact that mouth and chin were so fond of kissing that several more times, on the way to the play, Rachel was made the recipient. Each time her brother accompanied the salutation with a hearty dig of the chin aforementioned, into the peachy cheek or cherry lips, both of which Milton had often looked at covetously.

"And then, when I did try to steal a cherry and taste of a peach! How she glared!" thought Milton. "That great bear only jams the fruit which I would preserve tenderly!"

"You must forgive my display of brotherhood, Mr. Kingley. Remember 'tis months since last we met, and she's my only sister. The rest are all married and think of no one but their husbands. I resent husbands."

Milton resented the last sentence, but he said,

"Kiss her all you please, I don't blame you for liking it."

"Am I to have no say in this matter?" plaintively added Rachel.

Although Silas was her brother, these noisy demonstrations made her feel cheap. She knew that the remarks of Silas only made Milton associate ideas, and resent her repulse of his own effort.

So Rachel cut short Silas' affection on the plea that people who happened to see them on the street "might wonder." It was the first time she had ever succeeded in extinguishing her

brother's bear-love. Her brother had sense enough to know that Milton Kingley exercised some potent power over the hitherto compliant Rachel.

They came down to sober talk.

"Mr. Kingley," said Silas, "there is a Miss Kingley in ——. attending the Church school, where I teach. Is she a relative of yours?"

"Geneva? That's my sister. Do you know her?"

"O yes. She's a very nice girl."

This was simply what any fellow would have said to another fellow about his sister. But the peculiar way in which Silas said it!

Rachel knew instantly that her brother's heart was gone!

Milton added in unsuspecting tones, "Why didn't you come together? Geneva wrote that she was coming home to conference."

Silas did not know why and the theme dropped. But Rachel noticed that her brother walked with far greater elasticity now, and he did not even offer to kiss her again.

When the theatre was out Silas struck off in an opposite direction for his brother's, where he was sojourning, and left the couple unmolested—Milton happily so, Rachel fearfully so.

"Rachel," came the much dreaded and ominous preface. "Rachel, you know that I love you!"

Rachel did not know what to say, so she remained silent.

"Rachel, I want a plain answer to a plain question: will you marry me?"

"Please—Mr. Kingley—no."

It was a negative answer, and yet the hesitancy implied affirmative sentiments.

But nevertheless, the more Milton pled, the more firm and decisive Rachel became. Finally, when he hotly

urged for "the reason," she burst out with,

"Your hands are too white, Mr. Kingley. I can't think of marrying a man who spends his life as a bank teller. You're not religious enough. You never go to meetings. You're handsome, and rich, and chivalrous, and all that sort of nonsense, but you're weak. Why don't you get out and show the world you have some manhood and energy for something besides the money your father has given you?"

Milton was angry now, and the more so because he felt that there was some truth in Rachel's reflections. But he was not used to having girls tell him that they looked down on him because he was handsome, rich, and chivalrous!

Yet the more perverse and unattainable Rachel seemed the more deeply Milton felt that he loved her. Strange contrariety of human nature! If Milton had left her to her fate then and there, by saying, "Very well, Miss Glynn, I'll never ask you such a disagreeable question again, Rachel would have given her eye-teeth to have recalled him. He only said.

"Well, Rachel, we will not say any more about it at the present," in a tone which convinced Rachel that he had not by any means given her up yet. She had never yet had courage to tell him that "You must remember, Miss, one of our most imperative rules is that you fall not in love with me—me--me!" etc. She felt that it was too deep and serious to chaff about thus. But Milton would joke now and then.

The next morning when he came down to breakfast he deliberately went to the sink where the new cook stood, reached into the kettle-closet, and rubbed both hand over the smutty bottom of the frying-pan.

"Now you can't say that my hands are white," he said as he held up his smeared paws in front of her nose.

Rachel, as usual, smiled, felt cheap, and could not answer. Rachel was rather a heavy-mannered girl. She could never be light and humorous, like Milton. Probably that was one reason why she admired him. The new cook was rather tragical in her feelings. She felt as though it would be melodramatic silence that morning at the breakfast table. But it was far from that. Milton's tongue spun as it never had spun before. Soon Mrs. Kingley came in. They were all animation, talking about the expected arrival of Geneva and the numerous country-cousins.

In the afternoon the expected two dozen guests arrived. All was bustle, work and meetings for the next few days.

Silas came to see Rachel that day, and the next, and the next. He not only came in the day-time but he came in the evening as well. Strange to say, he did not notice his sister much, although he was so assiduous in coming to see her. A certain fair young maiden, Geneva by name, seemed to absorb his whole attention.

Even Milton, so closely wrapped up in his own heart-affairs, finally discovered "which way the wind was blowing." The mother—keen-sighted lady—of course divined instantly that Silas Glynn was enraptured with her daughter.

When Silas asked Mrs. Kingley's consent, she said "Yes," willingly, for he was a young man whom any mother-in-law might be proud of.

As for Milton's case, Mrs. Kingley saw and held her tongue. She knew that his was a case not to be interfered with. She knew her son's strength of will and tenacity of purpose well

enough to rest assured that he would win sooner or later. She had already informed her husband, who had come from — to conference, that "Milton was on matrimony intent." When Milton's father learned that the object of his son's love was Rachel Glynn he smiled approvingly and said,

"I shall deed the mortgaged homestead to them."

Of course this interesting bit of news was not imparted to Milton just now. Both parents knew better than to tincture love with any sordid lust of gain. Mrs. Kingley knew well enough that her husband's benevolent scheme would if known to the new cook only make her more negative and unmanageable to Milton than ever.

This modern lover was a politic youth. He heroically read the Church works every time Rachel was by; indulged in learned dissertations on religion when she was within ear-shot; studiously went to every session of conference; also all the side meetings there were; then perseveringly related to Rachel what every speaker said and more too; he particularly dwelt upon "the importance of marriage among our young people;" last, but not least, he told his brother, a certain Bishop of a certain division of the Latter-day Saint Church that he wanted to be called on a mission. Bishop —, nothing loth, had our hero "served with a warrant—" for that is what Milton called it, in his humorous way. He was more religious than most young men, though not sanctimonious. Milton had a horror of these long-faced, self-righteous people. Mrs. Kingley had worried, lately, a good deal over her son. She saw that, although he carried a humorous and hopeful exterior, he was deeply troubled. She observed that his appetite had

deserted him and that he restlessly paced his bedroom floor during a large portion of the night. When he did retire to slumber he would toss about feverishly and mutter in his sleep. One night she went to his room, and while anxiously leaning over him, she heard her son mumble desperately,

"Oh, dear little angel, sweet little angel! You'll kill me if you don't consent to become mine!"

Then he went on muttering something about "brides and missions and trials," until he awoke with a start, and saw his fond mother standing at his bedside and eyeing him with an anxious expression. He took this opportunity of confiding in his mother. It was the first time he had breathed a word concerning his overwhelming love, to anyone. After which he felt that his cause was more hopeful; for his mother told him something about maidens' hearts which renewed him in spirit. He leaned back and slept the sleep of the just, while Mrs. Kingley retired once more to her own room, feeling relieved.

Several weeks passed, in which Milton did not say a word more to Rachel about his love. She was just resentfully and painfully concluding that he did not love her after all; that it was only a passing fancy, which he had succeeded in demolishing; and that she would have to go home and die of a broken heart, when one morning he calmly handed Rachel his "warrant."

She read it. Then what do you think that self-contained young woman did? She fainted!

Never did Milton look happier—cruel youth!—than upon this critical occasion. He brought her to, tenderly. And what do you think were the first words of the impetuous fellow?

"Dearest Rachel. you can't get out

of it. You've got to marry me before I go! You know as well as I do that we have been engaged ever since I put that turquoise ring on your finger, and sealed it with a kiss."

Suiting the action to the word, the audacious fellow perpetrated the second wound upon her choice lips.

And this time the new cook didn't even say, "Don't."

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

FEW parts of the world have made more headway in exciting the interest and demanding the attention of the more advanced nations during the last century than the ancient land of India. A part of that land, though separated as an island from the continent of Asia by a narrow body of water, is Ceylon; one of the coast cities of Ceylon, Galle by name, occupies almost the southern point of the island; and it is one of the districts of Galle, the Fort, commanding the excellent harbor, and being more than a mile in circumference, which is here represented. The city is of great antiquity by some historians being even regarded as the Tarshish of Solomon; but its importance within the time of actual knowledge dates from the occupation of the Portuguese, by whom it was stubbornly defended against their successors, the Dutch. The latter still further strengthened it, and under British possession, into which it passed about a hundred years ago when the whole island of Ceylon yielded to the victorious arms of the English, it has steadily increased in numbers and importance. The town is one of the pleasantest in the island, being almost embowered in foliage—palms, cocoanut and bread-fruit trees growing in profu-



ISLAND OF CEYLON.

sion; and its trade is mainly in the productions of the surrounding country.

Ceylon itself has an extreme length of 270 miles, and a width of less than 140 miles at its broadest part, with a population of over two and a half millions, some two-thirds of these being Singhalese, or natives, and adhering mainly to the Buddhist religion. The climate is generally healthful in most places, and the seasons, as is usual in equatorial countries, are divided into wet and dry seasons respectively, and two of each of these Ceylon enjoys annually. The length of the day does not vary more than an hour at any time during the whole year.

The island may be said to have been for ages slowly rising from the sea, and the northern part of it particularly appears to be the joint production of the coral insect and the drifting ocean currents—the former constructing the reefs against and among which the waters deposited their burdens of alluvial matter borne down in the streams of the mainland. Of poisonous snakes and destructive insect pests the country has not a few—among the latter the most notable being probably the white ant, which eats its way through walls and floors. Of animals the elephant is the most important, though the Asiatic buffalo is common and in a half-tame state is utilized to some extent. There are various kinds of deer, and of course monkeys. Precious stones are found in considerable quantities, while the pearl oyster inhabits the surrounding banks. Of more utility are the vast quantities of iron ore, which the natives have worked into rude but practical utensils since the earliest times, and which in temper is said to equal the best Swedish metal. Coffee, tobacco, cinnamon, various spices, as well as tea, rice,

cocoanuts, etc., are the principal products; but great as has been the improvement in the prosperity of the country under British rule, it does not yet approach that condition which is manifested in the remains of a grand irrigating system, which covered the whole face of the country with a network of canals, and must have made of Ceylon in ancient times the great granary of Southern Asia. These splendid works have in most places fallen into decay, but the work of restoration has of recent years been undertaken with government funds and under its supervision, so that in time there would appear no reason why the island's period of greatest industry and prosperity might not be in the near future equalled if not surpassed.

VOICE AND MANNER.

These have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant speaker. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all listeners acknowledge, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said as how it is said that makes the difference between the talkers in society. In public discussions, in parliament or elsewhere, though the grace of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career he soon commands the attention of the audience in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

THE . . .


Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1895.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SCIENCE AND HEALTH.


 O the achievements of science in this our day there scarcely appears to be a limit. Nature's mysteries, so called, are being one by one studied, solved, and made subject to man's control. Forces hitherto unused, if indeed understood, yet more powerful and more capable in their operation than any with which our fathers were familiar, stand harnessed today and awaiting our commands. When a thought expressed in words can be flashed around the whole world in a few seconds of time; when the identical tones of the human voice can be distinguished by an acquaintance hundreds of miles distant from the speaker; when vehicles can be moved with almost incredible swiftness, yet without either steeds or steam, it would seem that human ingenuity could go no farther and that the limit of invention and discovery, in these lines at least, must surely have been reached. But men thought the same thing when the first locomotives were put in operation; just as they thought the utmost probable speed of the trotting horse was reached when the record for a mile was two and two-thirds minutes—a rate that is now hardly rapid enough for a good road-horse. With the experience of the past before us we shall have no warrant, therefore, for thinking we have learned or mastered all there is of knowledge, wisdom and skill. The years which follow will in all likelihood witness dis-

coveries and advancement quite equal to those of the past.

Along with other branches of scientific study, the doctor's profession has been striding along bravely in the front. Of course the skill of man has not yet conquered all disease, nor is even the most successful physician able to effect a cure in every case. For all the writer knows, the proportion of deaths to the number of patients may be as great as ever; and there certainly are frequent cases which baffle not only the doctor in charge of them, but also the associates whom he calls in for consultation. But whether or not the medicinal doses imparted are better and more effective than formerly, there can be no doubt that men today know more about the causes of disease, and should consequently be better armed against it, than at any time in the past of which we have definite and explicit knowledge.

At the same time, however, there probably never was a period in the world's history when there were so many kinds of ailments known to mankind. The number and names of these afflictions are bewildering and alarming to those who suffer, while amusing to those who do not happen to have any of them. Almost every day one reads of this or that friend suffering from a disease which our parents never heard of. What with microbes, and bacilli, and spores, and germs, and various other terms with which explanations of modern theories of disease are filled, the average reader is confused and the timid one frightened. We are told that great care must be exercised as to the water we drink, and that under certain conditions milk becomes a veritable hotbed of disease. This, that and the other article of food is successively placed under the ban. Indeed, if one believed all one

hears, it would almost appear dangerous to eat or drink anything at all, and if at last death should result from starvation, some wise practitioner would doubtless set it down as "heart failure." A grape seed in the stomach frequently leads to terrible consequences nowadays, whereas your parents, when children, used to think nothing of eating a hatfull of cherries, stones and all. In these times of scientific knowledge, articles of food must wear a tag indicating that they have undergone the inspection of some officer or other, before they are deemed fit to be eaten at all. Ice, cheese, even eggs are by some believed to be as dangerous in a household as a contagion; and what the mother of the family has not already learned of these things, her hired girl is usually able to tell her. Strangely enough, too, it appears that the most unusual diseases occur in households where the pecuniary condition is such as to enable them to make their purchases, both of food and clothing, with the utmost care; while among the poorer people, as generally is the case, there is still to be found the best health.

With all due respect for the knowledge and attainments of the medical profession, in which are thousands of men who are real benefactors of their race, we are nevertheless inclined to think that a good many of them have a fondness for hobbies. Many of their hygienic theories are little better than fads which next year, or a year later, may have gone out of fashion altogether. With these they play upon people's fancy or imagination, not intentionally, perhaps, but still effectively; and of course a mind given to fears of disease appears inevitably to render the body receptive to the malady dreaded. In this connection we recall a story told of

the late President Daniel H. Wells, who listened attentively while a friend boasted of the healthfulness of a section of country lately settled by our people, in which during all the time up to the date of the conversation there had not been a single death. "Ah," said Brother Wells, with a twinkle in his eye, "wait till you get a few doctors up there with you."

The summer season is at hand, when advice as to habits of living is usually most abundant, because perhaps most necessary. We venture to add a few words of our own: Avoid fads, and be not unduly intimidated by what others tell you as to the dangers of life; be pure in your thoughts, clean in your person, chaste and temperate in your actions; neither gorge upon improper food nor starve yourself upon an unpalatable or too rigorous diet; observe the Word of Wisdom in its broad, true spirit, and make yourself deserving of its promises. Then you can laugh at man-made threats and theories, as well as the countless varieties of microbes which they hurl at you. Your hygienic rules may not be strictly in accord with the latest that have been issued, but if they give you health and happiness they are good enough for all practical purposes.

THE SUPERINTENDENT PRESIDES.

The following question has been asked by a Sunday school worker: "If the superintendent of a school be present and the assistant acts, which of the two presides? Should not the minutes read thus: Sabbath school convened, with Supt. ——— presiding; school called to order by Asst. Supt. ———?"

In all meetings of the Sunday school the superintendent is the presiding officer, though he may call upon his

assistants or any other person whom he thinks proper, to conduct the services, in which case the record should be prepared in language similar to that suggested in the above question. In some schools it is customary for the superintendent and his assistant to take turns in conducting the exercises, which is very proper and encouraging to the brethren who are called to be the assistants to the superintendent in the great and important Sunday school work.

WORK.

There is something truly noble in every work which honest-hearted men deliberately undertake. Many a quiet library or laboratory could tell of patient students who have been willing to sacrifice comfort and health, not as some do, in unequal exchange for wealth and position in the world, but simply with the honest purpose of becoming benefactors to mankind by setting forth truth and advancing civilization. Great and useful works are often of slow growth, requiring the labor of generations. Let praise belong to all who have contributed to bring them to perfection, either by success or failures; true, manly hearts are above all jealousies. Yet it requires a certain amount of courage to face the distraction and ill-will which seem always to beset most of the benefactors of mankind in their turn. Harvey owns that his doctrine of the circulation of the blood cost him his practice and gained him instead the reputation of being a madman, while the few who believed denied him the credit of his discovery on account of its very simplicity. So it was with Jenner; so also with Columbus among the courtiers of Ferdinand and Isabella; so also with Kepler.

HOW TO PREPARE A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

IN this most important part of Sunday school work, there are three problems for the teacher to solve.

The first one is: What aims or ends do I desire to reach by the presentation of this lesson?

The teacher should ask himself: How can I best teach this subject to increase the pupil's faith in God, to create a desire for further investigation, and to form habits in mind, speech and action that will make a great and good character?

A lesson that has not some of the preceding aims would be a complete failure.

The next problem is: What means have I at hand to reach the ends desired? What books will be best suited to my class? What pictures, charts, objects, etc., can I obtain with which to accomplish my work?

Great care should be taken in selecting these means, that they may be well suited to the work, otherwise they may become a hindrance. For impressions that are formed in childhood, whether good or bad, are difficult to erase, therefore our pictures should be true representations of the subject.

The third problem is: What methods will be best suited to my aims and means?

The result of last Sunday's lesson is a good test; a method that has been a failure should be carefully avoided under similar circumstances. Methods should be varied to suit the condition of the class.

If a teacher has prepared to use the catechetic method, and comes to his class and finds the pupils uneasy and restless, they may not be interested in the catechisation. It would therefore be

well to change to the narrative and arouse their interest by incidents.

Variety in methods is a great promoter of interest, and is next to the teacher's interest itself. No lesson is well prepared unless the aims, means and methods are clearly in the mind of the teacher; but he should be able, if circumstances demand it, to change any or all of them to suit the circumstances.

It should be remembered that methods are made for pupils, not pupils for methods. The Great Teacher has planned far into the future, and it is well for us to become like unto Him.

There are two kinds of preparation: the individual and the co-operative.

The first is a preparation in which one teacher of the grade prepares the lesson alone and decides upon the best aims, means and methods in presenting his lesson satisfactorily.

The co-operative preparation is one in which several teachers of the same grade meet to prepare lessons.

The head teacher of the grade appoints a convenient time, and calls his fellow-teachers together. They then select two or more subjects from the course of instructions that has been outlined by the Sunday School Union Board, and they then consider each lesson separately, under the three great heads: aims, means and methods.

They counsel together and decide upon the ones best suited to each subject. The lessons are then blocked out and assigned to the respective teachers, who should have a week in which to prepare them for presentation.

The head teacher again calls them together; they meet and present their lessons before their fellow-teachers as they would before their Sunday school class. After presentation, the teachers kindly comment upon it, and if any

changes are necessary the head teacher suggests them. The teacher is then prepared to present the lesson before his class.

The great benefit derived from this kind of preparation can hardly be estimated. It creates a congenial feeling among the teachers; it gives the teacher confidence in himself; he becomes more thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and if any mistake is made in doctrinal or other points, it gives a chance for it to be corrected before it is given to the children as an absolute fact.

These should be prayerful as well as studious preparations, and the success attending the Sunday school will be more satisfactory than it would be with any other kind of preparation.

Missionaries who are successful in their labors in the nations of the earth are students. They prepare their subjects in the best possible way, and ask divine aid in their labors, that they may give the pure truth to their hearers.

There is no greater missionary field in all the world than the Sunday schools of Zion, and the children we instruct are the most precious jewels our Father has. Then is it not necessary for us to be prepared to give them the truths of the Gospel in plainness and pleasure? Who is more deserving of our best efforts than they?

Myra I. Loughurst.

STUDENT OF B. Y. A. SUNDAY SCHOOL
CLASS, PROVO CITY, UTAH.

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. But that happeneth rarely.

THERE is this difference between a wise man and a fool: A fool's mistakes never teach him anything.

MEMORY.

FOOD memory takes me back across the bridge that spans the years;

Plain as a thing of yesterday the distant past appears:
I see the dear ones long since gone I used to love so well,

And, though I sigh, my heart is wrapped in pleasure's nameless spell.

I see them sitting by the hearth, my father, mother kind,

Who taught me in my early youth the paths of truth to find;

I see my brothers, sisters, too, whose peace I oft did share,

As morn and night we circled round and bent the knee in prayer.

I see my schoolmates still at play upon the village green,

I see the little painted desk where oft I've puzzled been;

I hear the school bell chiming as it called me from my play

To gather in and join the class, my pleasing tasks to say.

I still can hear the merry shouts that echoed far and near,

As on the pond I skated when the air was sharp and clear;

I hear the joyous laugh ring out as in the summer bowers

I wandered with my happy mates and pulled the pretty flowers.

And though my eyes are getting dim and I am growing old,

I see my Sabbath teacher yet the Book of God unfold;

I see the tears roll down her cheeks as she would tell the pain

That Jesus suffered on the cross that man might pardon gain.

But e'en when memory wafts us back on fancy's eager wings,

How brief, alas! the time and chance to feast on happy things!

Some black spots on our record past as spectres grim arise,

And taunt us till the dream of joy grows sad before our eyes.

My little boy, my little girl, as yours it will be, too,
To scale life's steep and rugged hill, as I have had to do,

Be careful as you climb the slopes that right shall be your aim,

And seek to reach the summit pure, as from the base you came.

O soul! O mind! O memory! how vast thy gifts and powers!

We live today, we live for aye, we live in childhood hours;

We live for bliss or misery, according to our will,
We live, desiring each alike, some happy sphere to fill.

This happy state we all may reach, for God hath planned it so,

That every child who does His will may peace and pleasure know;

Then let us strive in youth, as age, to make our calling sure

By writing on the scroll of time a record clean and pure.

J. C.

THE HEART.

The heart is a pump with a double action. One contraction of its muscular walls— acting in the same manner as when we press firmly on an India rubber syringe— ejects two streams of blood. One of these goes from the left cavity of the heart through the largest of the arteries, called the aorta, and is distributed through the arteries and their branches all over the body, and by minute vessels, called capillaries, is distributed into every part and organ of the system, however delicate. A set of similar vessels, equally minute, take up the blood again—which, having effected its nutritive purpose, is changed from a bright crimson to a dark blue color— pour it through larger veins into the right cavity of the heart; and by the same impulse that first propelled it, it is again sent out, but this time to the lungs, where it is purified and rendered fit again to be used, by its contact with the air which we breathe, and then again thereby changed to its original hue, it is returned by the pulmonary veins into the left side of the heart, from whence it started. In such complicated machinery it is easy to see there is great liability to disorder, which means disease. It must be recognized that when this

heart pump is out of order, it can not be stopped for repairs. It must keep going on just the same, beating regular or irregular, sending much or little blood to nourish the system as it may. To stop is death. This is the reason why the diseases of the heart and lungs are so dangerous. Any other organ, as the bowels, the liver, or the brain, may stop action, and often do; and doctors, by medicines, arrest their action while repairs are going on. But the heart they may retard as much as they dare, they may quiet it, but not entirely stop. Sometimes it does stop itself; a sudden change of position, an excitement, a passion, which a healthy organ would not notice, overwhelms the heart, which throbbingly stops for a moment, flutters a few times in a vain attempt to renew its functions, but it fails. The owner has barely time to say a hurried word ere eternity enters on his view.

SPEECH RESTORED BY THE POWER OF GOD.

In the year 1889 I was visiting at the home of Elder Wm. Cowley, in Mill Creek Ward, Salt Lake County, Utah. While there Sister Cowley told me her daughter, six years of age, was defective in her speech, and it was difficult for her to talk.

As she remarked this a peculiar sensation came upon me. I called on the Lord in silent prayer to tell me what to do. Sister Cowley was a faithful Latter-day Saint, and my sympathy was aroused in behalf of the innocent child. I asked Sister Cowley if she would like me to administer to her child. She said she would be grateful if I would. I then asked for the consecrated oil, with which I anointed her head, and then laid my hands upon her and asked

the Lord that she might have her speech and be able to speak plainly.

Som time after this I called again at Brother Cowley's and inquired how the little girl was. The mother replied that she was able to talk clearly and distinctly, and had been ever since the afternoon that I administered to her.

William J. Smith.

A CROW'S TRICKS.

STRANGELY enough, there was nothing of which this crow stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Hetter-skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen.

No attention was given to his education; but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions; and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers that went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking that it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snow-balled. He would stand on an old tree stump and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say: "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop

again with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it might be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him he lost no time in getting out of the way.

A GOLDEN ROOM IN A WOODEN HOUSE.

Our Young People tells this incident: One day last week a beautiful young girl rustled into a cable car and sat down with her companion. Her dress, of pure white serge, was fresh from the dressmaker's, and looked the embodiment of dainty freshness. Her little gloved hands held a white parasol, tied with a knot of yellow ribbons, and reminded one of a great white lilly with golden center. Of course the car was crowded, and among the passengers were some of those Italian laborers that are now doing the rough work of our great cities.

"I think it is dreadful," she whispered to her companion. "Why don't the company refuse to let such creatures on the cars; or, if they must ride, I would think they could stay in the smoker. He will ruin my dress if I touch him, I know. Just see how he stares at me."

And so he did, his great eyes lightening and softening as they fell on the girl's fair beauty; and then he arose, and leaning forward to catch the strap, fairly bent over her. The girl grew restive.

"I am sure he is very impertinent," she said.

And when the conductor came around she motioned him.

"Won't you make this man move?" she said.

"Move up!"

The words were said in the quick, sharp tone one uses usually in speaking to a cross animal.

"Yees," the Italian answered; "but see ze oil! Ze bootiful lady, see?"

The lady looked up, and there saw the oil lamp had sprung a leak, and would have dripped all over her had not this man seen it, and stretching out his arm above her, formed an umbrella, which had perfectly protected her beautiful dress and bonnet.

A guilty blush came into her face as she bowed her thanks to him, and murmured to her friend:

"It makes me so ashamed to think while I was scorning him and he knew it he should have taken such pains for me. It's a lesson I will not soon forget that those poor laborers have better souls than I have. I'll never be scornful to one again."

"SULTAN" AND MISS FANNY EDWARDS.

MISS FANNIE EDWARDS, eight years old, lives near Verdon, South Dakota. The *Times* tells us how she gets to school two miles away and home again during the cold weather. Her father hitches a horse to the sleigh, and after tucking her up warmly in the robes starts the horse off for the school-house, where Fanny gets out and the horse returns home, when Owen puts him in the barn until 3:30 p.m.; then he hitches him up again and starts him off for the school-house after his infantile passenger, and he makes the four-mile trip regular as clock-work. The horse is a gray Norman stallion named "Sultan."

JONATHAN'S PROPOSAL.

Queer But True.

He had been writhing in the clutches of Fate ever since Nancy C— had refused his invitation to the theatre. He had been writing yards and yards of poetry, and still he could not "mitigate his woe's excess." He had emptied out bushels and bushels of resolutions, but they all were consumed in the first heat of his intensity. He had started a dozen times towards the coveted domicile of a certain unattainable young lady, determined to have an understanding; and he had turned a dozen times back again, his courage having deserted him on the threshold of despair. He had written a love-letter—a letter ardent and feverish—and mailed it; and then when the postman was transferring the mail from the box to his bag, Jonathan had beseeched and implored Mr. Postman to deliver to him a certain letter which he wished to recall.

He had danced, he had sung, he had wept, he had laughed, he had raged, he had prayed, he had torn his hair, he had cuffed himself, he had pinched himself, he had tried to kick himself, and he had gone through a great many other absurd demonstrations, for which there is no accounting and which I shall not tire my readers by enumerating.

This superhuman tax on his vigor and nerves was fast taking effect.

His mother asked "why he looked and acted so much like a mop rag?"

His father told him he would have him sent on a mission.

His sister said, "Why, Jonathan, you must be in love!"

His brother said, "Fiddlesticks! Do you think I would let a girl wilt me like that?"

His friends said, pityingly, "Jonathan's got the consumption!" or, "Jonathan has the heart-complaint!"

In fact everyone had some comment, or some condolatory or sneering glance to bestow.

Finally Jonathan decided to do what any sane person would have done in the first place, namely, to declare his love.

So he started out for Nancy Cameron's home, buoyed up by an artificial courage born of desperation.

There was a warning look in his eyes which caused Nancy to avert hers and tremble. He looked fierce, determined, and ominous. Nancy knew something serious was coming.

"Miss Cameron," he said doggedly, "I've come to propose!"

"Mr. Steele," answered Nancy, faintly, "don't—don't——"

Like a man determined to pull the trigger and die, Jonathan clutched the frail damsel's wrist and hissed into her ear,

"You've got to listen!"

Nancy began to wilt.

"Will you have me?" whispered Jonathan, hoarsely.

"Please—no—Mr. Steele!"

"You've got to have me!"

"Why?"

"Because I love you more than one human ever loved another. Such love, if not requited, will kill me."

In fact the intensity of this feeling was so overwhelming that Nancy felt like a drowning girl, without even a straw to clutch at. And so great had been the ardency of this feeling that, ever since Jonathan had first put eyes on Nancy, it had breathed courtship in the air. Words had been unnecessary, for Nancy could feel love in his glance. Truth to tell, the fervency of Jona-

than's affection had been so widespread and overpowering that, with Nancy there was no room left for the love, about which she felt so uncertain. She became dazed the minute he approached. Jonathan considered this rather a favorable indication.

He became constrained the instant that she appeared. This Nancy considered an ominous symptom. Each had a hypnotic influence on the other which seemed to produce a sort of nullification. Nancy felt as though she lost her agency whenever her oppressive admirer was at hand. Jonathan could feel tons and hundred weights of power surging through himself, but it was under a lock and key which would give way neither to persuasion nor insurrection. Repressed power is often the most potent.

Nancy felt that Jonathan's power over herself was gathering potency (through the dam that was put upon it) rather than mitigating. She knew that when the stream would break down obstacles it would deluge herself. She would struggle, like any drowning person, though that she would eventually drown she felt to be inevitable.

"I say, Nancy, you've got to have me!"

"But, Mr. Steele, I don't know you.

This is but the third time we have met."

"You know me better than anyone else. You've been reading my soul all along."

Nancy's silence did not deny this assertion.

"Nancy, say 'Yes.'" His voice had mellowed.

"Oh, Mr. Steele——"

"Call me Jonathan," pre-emptorily.

"Well, then, Jonathan——"

"That's right," mellifluously.

Then silence reigned, and again Nancy felt that he was asserting his power. She leaned back on the sofa and mentally wrestled with herself. Still her soul felt puny.

"Jonathan"—it was Nancy struggling to summon her powers—"what is it they call the big, rough boy at school who mistreats the little boy?"

"Bully," answered Jonathan.

Then they both laughed.

"And, Nancy, does not the little boy always have to concede to the big boy's measures in order to save himself?"

"I know a little boy who won't be won by harshness."

"And I know a bully who sometimes wins by kindness," said Jonathan, tenderly, as he allowed the full light of his eyes to beam upon her.

This wilted Nancy even more than the thunder had.

Jonathan allowed the sunlight of his orbs to have full play upon Nancy's fertile features, until a rosy glow diffused itself thereon, and he could see unmistakable sprouts of love peeping from the sod (for so we must consider Nancy's face for the time being, in order to follow out our figure. Jonathan was a poet, you know, hence this is about the way he considered it); and when he felt that the sunlight of love had penetrated to her heart and had enriched the sterile soil there, again he said,

"Nancy, say 'Yes.'"

Then he kissed her fiercely and turned pale.

And Nancy did say 'Yes.'"

Uncle Reuben.

A FOOLISH girl can make a lover a husband, but it takes a bright woman to keep a husband a lover.

Our Little Folks.

YOUNG FOLKS' STORIES.

How my Little Brother was Healed.

WHEN my little brother Frankie was fifteen months old, all the children of our family had the scarlet fever, and Frankie's turned to pneumonia. He was very sick, but with good and careful nursing, and with the faith and prayers of the Elders, he was getting better. The first night he was taken into the bed room, where there was no fire the little fellow began coughing, as if taking a fresh cold. They made a fire and got him back into the warm room as soon as possible, but he was so weak that he took a relapse. Hardly any one thought he could live, as his strength was so near gone.

We had the Elders administer to him real often. It was Thursday and my mother felt all day as if she would like to have the Bishop lay hands on the baby; but as we did not see him, we got Elders nearer by that evening.

Brother Tuttle who was our nearest neighbor was going to attend a birthday party at Brother Robert Wilson's. Mamma thought she would like to have him step in and administer to the baby after he returned home, and she anxiously watched the hours roll by, till she heard the carriage come and presently a gentle angel-like tap was heard upon the door. Brother Tuttle walked in and took a chair, but seeing how sick the child was he proceeded to pray for him. The baby had refused to nurse, for some time and his little eyes seemed almost set in death. While he was being administered to the baby turned his head over and began to laugh and "goo," and to pick at the buttons on

mamma's dress, as much as to ask for nourishment, which was given him, and he seemed to be made well and sound in every way.

My mother was alone in the kitchen with the baby, as my father was up in the front bedroom taking care of some of the other children. He had laid down for a few minutes and was dozing. When the little boy that was with him coughed ma went to take him a drink of water, and to tell pa how much better the baby was. Pa asked her who all the people were she had there, praying for the baby. He said they had been going through both doors for fifteen minutes. Ma told him only Brother Tuttle had been in, and asked him who he saw there. Pa said he didn't know any except the Bishop, who had called at the bedroom door and told him that his baby was healed.

The baby continued better, and every one of the children got better soon after that time.

Pa went to bed and had his best half night's rest for over three weeks.

Friday passed away and Saturday morning, our Bishop, John L. Smith, called in and said, "Why, Sister Robinson, they tell me your baby has been worse again. I thought I would call in and tell you of a dream I had about him night before last. I thought I was down here administering to him, and he turned his little head and began to laugh and play with me, and I thought he got right well while I was there, and I felt so good over it and was so confident that he would get well that I woke my wife and told her my dream."

When ma told the Bishop of papa's experience seeing so many pass out, through the doors, and that he, the Bishop, had called at the bedroom door and told papa that his baby was healed,

Brother Smith stood for a moment and then said he didn't know how to account for that unless he left his body in bed and came down to administer to the child.

We all appreciated the kindness of the Lord in sparing our little brother. He is seven years old now, and ma often talks to him of his being spared, and tells him he should try hard to be a good boy always and grow to be an extra good man, for perhaps the Lord may have something great for him to do.

Lucy M. Robinson.

Aged 10 years.

OAKLEY, CASSIA CO., IDAHO.

The Boys' Strike.

JUST as the cows driven from the pasture entered the yard the gong on the barn was struck. From the large field of strawberries on the south of the house and surroundings eight boys instantly arose from the crouching position they had assumed while picking the delicious red fruit borne by the vines. However, two boys paid no attention to the gong nor the actions of their companions; they were steadily filling up the case of small boxes lying beside them. To these workers the following remark was addressed:

"Come, boys, no more of that today, it's six o'clock."

"We're going to work till I get my number filled. I told Mr. Gleason that I would fill fifty boxes today and I'm a few short," was the reply of the smaller boy.

"Well, if he's simpleton enough to work half the night he can do it," and then turning to Fred Mason, the other worker, he continued, "Leave him, Fred; you can report your number; you're up to the mark."

"Yes, I know; but I promised Bert if he would lay off a couple of hours in the middle of the day that I would fill a case for him."

"If you don't get enough pulling berries for your own boxes you're welcome to help this lazy youngster along, but you wouldn't catch me a-doing it."

At this the blood rushed to Bert's face, but he kept working as though he heeded not the words of the last speaker, while inwardly his temper arose and his thoughts began to plan some method of revenge; for this was not the first taunt he had had thrown at him by Tom Stewart.

Bert Leyland was a delicate, sensitive boy, whose health would not permit him to do heavy work; but work he must to help support his widowed mother and little sister. As the spring advanced the boy had obtained employment at Gleason's. The last few days had been very warm, and Bert was beginning to feel the effects of it; but being surrounded by strong, sturdy boys, he hated to give up. This afternoon, noticing how weak his companion was feeling, Fred Mason had urged him to rest for an hour or two in the heat of the day, with the result we are acquainted.

Of late some grumbling had been indulged in by the boys as to the price they received for their labor. Tom Stewart, being the largest boy, the chief grumbler, and having the spirit of a leader, deemed it his place to see that affairs were arranged satisfactory to the young toilers.

"I wish you boys would leave off, because we have some important business on the ticket for tonight."

"We'll be with you a little later," was the rejoinder.

"All right; keep to your word." "Meet

at Stewart's" and "See you later," were the replies of the members of the group as they briskly strode off anxious to get their supper and meet again to hear the plan their leader had to unfold to their curious ears.

A few hours later saw them gathered in the appointed place, listening to the proposition laid down by Tom.

"My cousin living in the city says that he would not work for what we do, a cent a box. He belongs to a union, and when they don't get big wages they strike for them. Now, we ain't members of a union, and we don't get big wages; but we can form a union, demand more pay, and strike if they don't give us what we ask for."

As this was spoken, glances were interchanged between the listeners.

"We'll go you!" came in a chorus of four or five voices.

"We don't know about that," was the sentiment of a few in whose minds the idea of a strike was something terrible. The extent of their knowledge of these "horrid affairs" was the account of some riot, bloodshed, or equally unruly actions on the part of the strikers. Now to think that maybe they were to take part in one! No wonder they "did not know about that."

Seeing the doubt hovering over their minds, Tom commenced an eloquent plea in behalf of strikes. This won for the young orator applause from those already warm in the enterprise, and drew the hesitating nearer the cause.

In that crowd there were two boys whose minds were planted against the so-called strike. They were our two friends, Bert and Fred. When asked why they were opposed, the reply was, "because it is not right."

"Why ain't it right?" was the inquiry.

"I don't think it is treating Mr. Gleason fair. We promised to work for what was offered, and now to go back on our word is not just the right thing," was Bert's answer.

"When we agreed to pick for Gleason nobody supposed that he was going to make so much money. He can afford to pay us more, and he's got to or go without our aid," said Tom.

"I don't exactly agree with you. Mr. Gleason is not becoming rich. It is true that he sells hundreds of quarts a day, but the berries are not given to him. In the beginning the vines, the land on which they grow, the boxes they are shipped in, the shipping, and the labor he receives cost a great deal. This is the first year he has had a good crop."

It was now Fred's turn to defend his side of the question. "That's right, boys. I heard my mother saying the other day that she didn't think Mr. Gleason was making much on his berries this year, because they are sold cheaper this year than ever."

"That's all nonsense; he's doing all right. He'll soon learn to his sorrow that we boys will deprive him of the soft snap he has had in hiring us for next to nothing," was heard from one of the group.

"We're bound to get what we ask for; he wants us too badly to pay no attention to our demands."

"Of course he does. The strawberries are becoming ripe so fast that they must be picked or spoil. Gleason's not the man to let them go to waste."

These were some of the arguments used by admirers of Tom and his proposition. Tom, seeing that the strike would not be a perfect success without Fred and Bert, set forth inducements; but with no avail. It was agreed upon

that tomorrow the result of the conference should be made known to Mr. Gleason. As the crowd dispersed that night, various were the thoughts of its members. The scheme was approved by all but two. But as the dubious thought it over more earnestly, several objections presented themselves. What would father say? O, if they should fail! Well, they would not fail. Father could be made to look at matters in the same light as the son.

The next morning at the usual time the boys presented themselves at their employer's home. Tom was spokesman. He very courteously acquainted Mr. Gleason with the condition of his comrades' feelings, and in a business-like manner stated their demands. It is needless to say that the man was surprised. After quietly listening to all the young agitator had to say, he replied that, although admiring their courage in demanding what they supposed to be their rights, he could not comply with their requests.

"I know you receive low wages for your work, but it is all I can afford to pay. As the market is crowded with berries, the price has been brought so low that it is impossible to offer a higher price for my help."

Hardly expecting this treatment, Tom said that upon this refusal the boys would put their threats into actions. So saying the youthful strikers left the premises.

Bert and Fred now came forward offering themselves for work. Being assigned their rows, they pursued their daily routine.

The turn affairs had taken caused Mr. Gleason to look for other help. It was no easy task to procure the services of enough boys. Out of the small population of the village there were

few of these individuals, besides, the fathers required their sons' assistance, and some were in sympathy with the strikers.

The whole family devoted themselves to this work, picking from early in the morning until late at night, and as the two "non-unionists" added more hours to their work day, and a few would-be strikers whose parents had compelled them to return, were hired, the orders were filled. Thus it went on for several days.

When the evening of the first day came, the strikers expected a message summoning them to return to work. But they were doomed to disappointment.

The second, third and fourth days came and went without any tidings of surrender on Mr. Gleason's part. The refusal to comply with their demands on the first day had astonished them, but in no way weakened their resolutions. But this was not to last. The evening of the fourth day saw an assemblage of down-hearted boys with failure written in their faces discussing what their future course should be. Some advocated returning the next morning; others who were in the start most ardent in the cause favored holding off for a few days. Striking had not proved the pleasantest thing in the world to most of them. There were displeased parents at home who set them at harder labor than picking strawberries. Tom, once the independent-spirited boy, saw that if they intended returning at all, it must be immediately. The strawberry season would not last much longer. Finally it was decided that all caring to again re-enter Mr. Gleason's employment would offer themselves as applicants for the positions tomorrow morning.

The Gleason family and a few employees had been busily picking for several hours, but still it was early morning when a group of humbled boys were seen wending their way to the strawberry lot where stood the master of the farm. That worthy person, not at all astonished at the humility to which the boys had subjected themselves in seeking the lost positions, and knowing that all hands were nearly worn out with the over-work imposed upon them during the last few days, decided to reinstate the offenders in his employment.

During the remainder of the season no grumbling was manifested. Each boy had learned a lesson.

With the advancement of summer the strawberry supply gradually diminished, until none were left. As the last of the berries was shipped to market, Farmer Gleason, calling the boys to him, placed the wages due them in their brown hands, saying that as the season of strawberries was over, he would dismiss them. But turning to where Fred and Bert stood, he asked what their future plans were. Receiving the reply that they were going to hunt another job, Mr. Gleason continued in a business-like tone,

"And now, if it is agreeable, I'd like to make another bargain with you."

The boys' eyes sparkled as they eagerly looked up into their kind employer's face.

"You see," pursued Farmer Gleason, the raspberry season follows the strawberries; then come blackberries. Well, I raise all kinds for market, although not in the same abundance as strawberries, and it will take through August to get done with them all. Now, I think you are good workers, who can be trusted. You've proven faithful once; now if you want to stay the work is yours."

The boys readily assented. They were pleased to remain on the farm. Having gained favor in Mr. Gleason's eyes for conduct during the strike, many a favor was shown them.

G. L. Horne. Age 16.

FARMER'S WARD.

THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

WITH this date, the 15th of June, the competition for prizes offered for stories, drawings, penmanship, etc., closes. The names of the prize winners and a new list of prizes offered will be given in our next number.

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BY JAS. HOOD.

March Time.
VOICES.

1. Our Zi-on's favored land, blessed by Je-hovah's hand, With all the choicest
2. In this dear home of ours, begemmed by sweetest flow'rs, Where all of nature's

ORGAN.

gifts of bounteous heav - en, Is the dearest spot on earth, 'tis the land that gave us
choicest gifts are giv - en, So hap-py gay and free, for - ev - er we will

CHORUS.

birth, And we love our mountain home which God has giv - en. Hurrah! hurrah! hur-
be, Con - tent - ed in our mountain home of freedom.

rah for Zi-on's land!—The land which God has giv - en to His peo - ple; Hurrah! hur-

rah! we are a hap - py band, Con - tent - ed in our mountain home of free - dom,

CHORUS AFTER 2ND VERSE. (While singing this chorus U. S. flags may be used.)

To thee our flags we're proudly wav - ing, Our own dear fav - ored land; To

Repeat pp.

all we give a loy - al wel - come, Who for the cause of truth will stand.

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7:51 a. m., Denver 10:30 a. m., Cripple Creek 9:50 a. m.
Train No. 4 leaves Ogden 6:35 p. m., Salt Lake 7:40 p. m.
arrives at Pueblo 5:27 p. m., Colorado Springs 6:53
p. m., Denver 9:25 p. m.

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